

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 525.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1862.

VOL. XXI. No. 4.

Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's 'Travelling-Letters.'

(Continued from page 19).

Lauterbrunnen, August 13, 1831.

I have just come from a walk towards the Schmadri brook and the Breithorn. All that one imagines to himself of the sweep and grandeur of the mountains, is petty in comparison with nature. That Goethe should have found it in him to write nothing from Switzerland but a couple of weak poems, and the still weaker letters, is just as incomprehensible to me, as much else in the world. The way here was outrageous again. Where six days ago there was the finest carriage road, it is now a wild jumble of rocks, huge blocks in abundance, pebbles, sand,—not a trace of human labor to be seen. The waters to be sure have wholly gone down, but they cannot keep quiet; from time to time you hear how the stones are hurled about in them; the waterfalls too roll down black stones, in the midst of their white spray, into the valley. My guide showed me a pretty new house, that stood in the middle of the wild brook; it belonged, he said, to his brother-in-law, and around it there had been a fine meadow, which had brought in a large income; the man had been obliged to leave the house in the night, the meadow had vanished for all time, and stones and pebbles were left in its place. "He never was rich, but now he has become poor," was the conclusion of his serious story.

It is singular, that in the midst of this frightful desolation (the Lutschine has taken possession of the whole width of the valley), in the midst of the boggy meadows, and the blocks of stone, where no idea of a road remains,—that there should stand a *char-à-banc*, and probably it is the first thing to stay fixed there. The people undertook to drive through during the storm; then came the flood,—they had to leave carriage and all in the lurch, and there it stands now waiting. It was really awful to me, when we came to the spot, where the whole valley, with its roads and dams, has become a wide sea of stones, and when my guide, who went before me, kept murmuring to himself: *'sich fürchtbar!* ('tish fearful). Into the middle of the brook the water has dragged a couple of great trunks of trees, set them on end and rolled a couple of rocks against them, wedging them in in such a way, that the bald trees stand half upright in the bed of the river. I should never leave off, if I should try to relate to you all the forms of desolation, which one sees between here and Unterseen. But the beauty of the valley has made a greater impression on me thereby, than I can tell; it is an infinite pity, that you came no deeper into it that time, than to the Staubbach; from there the Lauterbrunner valley properly begins; the black Mönch, with all the snow mountains behind him, grows more and more grand and mighty; on all sides bright, sprayey waterfalls come into the valley! you get

continually nearer to the snow mountains and the glaciers in the background, through the firforests and the oaks and maples. The moist meadows were covered with an endless multitude of variegated flowers,—adder's-tongue, wild *Scabiosa*, blue-bells, and many other kinds. On the side the Lutschine had piled its blocks one upon another, and had brought down rocks, as my guide said, "bigger than an oven;" then the carved brown houses, the hedges,—it is beautiful beyond everything,—Unluckily we could not reach the Schmadri brook, since bridges, roads and paths are gone; but I shall never forget the walk; I have also attempted to sketch the Mönch; but what can one expect to do with the little lead pencil? Hegel says, to be sure, that every human thought is more sublime, than the whole of Nature: but here I find that far from modest. The sentence is very fine, but curiously paradoxical; I will hold on for one while to all Nature; one gets on much more safely so.

You know the situation of the inn here; if you cannot remember it, take my old Swiss sketch book; in that I have executed it (in every sense), and have invented a footpath into it in front, about which I laughed much in my thoughts today. I look now out of the same window, and gaze at the dark mountains; for it is evening, and late, that is to say a quarter before eight, and I have an idea, which is sublimer than all Nature: I will go to bed. So good night, my dears!

The 14th. 10 o'clock in the morning. In the cow-keeper's cottage on the Wengern Alp; my greeting merely in the heavenly weather!—

Grindelwald, evening. I could not write you more this morning; it was hard to come away from the Jungfrau. But what a day this has been for me! Ever since we were here together, I have wished to see the little Scheideck once more. So I awoke early this morning, almost fearful; so much might happen to prevent: bad weather, clouds, rain, mist. But there was nothing of the sort. It was a day, such as might have been expressly made for my going over the Wengern Alp; the sky streaked with white clouds, which floated high above the highest snow peaks; no mist below any mountain, and all the peaks gleaming so in the air,—every bend and every wall so clear and distinguishable—why shall I describe it? The Wengern Alp you know indeed; only we saw it in bad weather then; but to-day all the mountains were in festal array; there was nothing wanting, from the thundering avalanches to the Sunday, and the sprucely dressed people on their way down to church,—to-day as then. The mountains had remained in my memory only as great teeth; mere height had taken too much hold of me at that time. To-day what struck me especially was this immeasurable breadth, the thick, wide masses, the grouping together of all these immense towers, as they reach the hand to one another and embrace. Then think of all the glaciers, all the snow fields, all the rocky peaks so dazzling bright and flashing,—then the distant summits upon

other chains, which seem to stretch over and peep in—that, I believe, is the way the thoughts of the good God look. He who does not know Him, can see Him and his Nature clearly here before his eyes. And, added to all that, the dear fresh air, which quickens one when he is weary, and cools one off when he is hot; and the abundance of springs.—About the nature of springs I will write you a special treatise some day; but there it no time for it today, for I have something altogether *apart* to tell of.

There now, you say, he has simply gone down, and found Switzerland beautiful again.—No, that is not it; but when I came up to the *Snen-Hütten* (cow-keepers' cottages), that is, high up on the Alps, upon a meadow, there was a great festival to-day, and from time to time you could see people climbing up in the distance. I was not at all tired; an Alpine festival is not to be seen every day: the weather said yes; the guide was greatly pleased; "let us go then to Itramen," said I. The old herdsman (*Senner*) went before, and so we had to take to climbing again vigorously; for Itramen is still more than a thousand feet higher than the little Scheideck. The *Senner* was a barbarous fellow; he ran ahead all the time, like a cat; presently my guide complained to him, and he relieved him of cloak and bundle; these he carried, and still ran on before with them, so that we could not catch up with him. The way was terribly steep; but he praised it, because otherwise he would go by a shorter and steeper one. He was about 60 years old, and when my young guide and I had reached with difficulty the top of one hill, we always saw him disappearing down the farther side of a second one. We walked two hours now, over the most toilsome way I ever travelled, high up, then all down again, over rolling stones, and brooks and ditches, through a couple of snow fields, in the greatest solitude, without a footpath, without a trace of human hands; at times we heard still the avalanches from the Jungfrau; otherwise it was silent; trees quite out of the question.

Now after the stillness and the loneliness had lasted all the way, and we had clambered once more up a little grassy hill, we suddenly saw many, many people standing in a circle, talking, laughing, shouting. All were in the motley costume, with flowers on their hats; many young girls; a couple of drinking tables with wine casks; and, around, the great silence and the awful mountains.—It was strange: while I was climbing in that way, I thought of absolutely nothing but the rocks and stones, and the snow, and the way; but the moment I saw men there, all that was forgotten, and I thought only of the men, and their sports, and their merry feast. It was indeed splendid; on a great green meadow, for above the clouds, was the theatre; opposite loomed the snowy mountains heaven-high, especially the dome of the great Eiger, the Schreckhorn, and the Wetterhorns, and all the rest as far as the Blümlis Alp. In the misty depth, quite small, lay the Lauterbrunner valley and our

yesterday's route before us, with all the little waterfalls like silver threads, the houses like points, the trees like grass. Far beyond, too, out of the haziness came the lake of Thun occasionally. And now there was wrestling, singing, drinking, laughing,—all healthy, vigorous people. I looked with great delight upon the wrestling, which I had never seen before; then the girls regaled the men with *Kirschwasser* and *schnaps*; the bottles passed from hand to hand, and I drank with the rest; then I presented the little children with cakes, which made them happy; then an old and very drunken peasant sang me some songs; then they all sang; then my guide too volunteered a modern song; then two young fellows boxed. On the Alp *everything* pleased me. Until near evening I remained lying up there, and acted as if I were at home. Then we sprang swiftly down into the *Matten*, saw soon the well-known inn with the windows glittering in the evening sun; a fresh wind from the glaciers arose,—that made us cool; now it is already late; we still hear avalanches from time to time,—and this has been my Sunday! It was indeed a festival!

On the Faulhorn, August 15.

Whew, how cold I am! It is snowing hard out there, and storms and rages. We are more than 8000 feet above the sea, had to come far over the snow, and now here I sit. One can see absolutely nothing; the weather all day has been frightful. When I think of it, how cheerful it was yesterday, and how I wish that it may again be fine tomorrow, I feel that it is just so with one's whole life; always hovering between wishing and regretting. Yesterday lies already so far off, so lived out and put behind me, as if I knew it only from old recollection, and had almost not been present in it; for since we have had to battle it five hours long to-day with rain-storm and mist, have stuck in mire, have seen nothing before us but grey vapors,—I have been unable to realize that it ever has been, or ever can be fine weather, and that I ever stretched myself upon that wet and marshy grass. Then everything here is so wintry; heated room, thick snow, great coats, cold and frosty people;—I am in the highest inn in Europe, and as one in St. Peter's looks down upon all churches, and on the Simplon upon all roads, so I from here look down upon all taverns. But not *figuratively*, for there is little here in fact but a couple of boarded rooms. *Never mind* (in English); we will go to bed, and I will not watch my own breath any longer. Good night. Tom's a-cold.

Hospital, Aug. 18.

My diary has had to lie still for a couple of days, because I have time for nothing in the evening, but to dry my clothes and myself at the fire, and to warm myself, to sleep a great deal, to sigh over the weather, like the stove, behind which I lurked, and because I did not wish to weary you with everlasting repetitions, how deep I stuck in the mud, how incessantly it rained, and so on. Really I have in these days travelled through the most beautiful regions, and seen nothing but dull clouds, and water, in the sky, from the sky, and on the ground.

The places, which I had long wished to see, are passed by, without my being able to enjoy them. That gave me little appetite for writing, since I actually had to fight against the weather;

and if it goes on so, I shall only write occasionally, since there is nothing to say, except "grey sky, mist and rain." I have been on the Faulhorn, on the great Scheideck, in the Grimsel-spital; to-day I have come over the Grimsel and the Furca, and the most that I have seen has been the shabby corners of my umbrella,—the great mountains almost not at all. Once to-day the Finsteraarhorn came out, but it looked as malicious as if it wanted to eat one. And yet, when there was a half hour without rain, it was too beautiful. A foot journey through this country is really, even in such unfavorable weather, the most charming thing one can conceive of; with a clear sky the satisfaction must be more than one can bear. Therefore I must not complain of the weather, for there is still joy in abundance; only in those last days one felt like Tantalus; on the Scheideck the beginning of the Wetterhorn came out of the clouds sometimes; this beginning alone was mighty and sublime beyond comparison, but more than the foot of the mountain I have not seen. On the Faulhorn I could not distinguish objects fifty paces off, although I staid until ten in the morning. We had to descend upon the Scheideck in a violent snow storm, through a very wet and difficult way, made still more fatiguing by the incessant rain. At the Grimsel hospice we arrived again in rain and storm; to-day I wanted to ascend the Seidelhorn, but had to give it up on account of the fog; the Mayenwand was shrouded in grey clouds, and only on the Furca did the Finsteraarhorn peep out for once. To make up for it, we have come here again in dreary rain and deep water. But all that is no matter. My guide is a nice fellow: if it is wet, we sing and *yodelle*; if it is dry, so much the better; and although we have missed the principal things, still there has been enough to see.

I pledge this time a quite especial friendship with the glaciers; they are really the mightiest monsters one can see. How it is all tumbled one over the other; here a row of pinnacles, there a multitude of boxes; above, towers and walls; between, hollows and crevasses in all directions; and all of this wonderfully pure ice, which will endure no earth; which throws up instantly again upon the surface all the stones, sand, pebbles, which the mountains have thrown down. Then the glorious color, when the sun shines on them, and the mysterious moving forward—(sometimes they have advanced a foot and a half in a day, so as to cause serious apprehensions among the people in the village, as the glacier came on so quietly, and so irresistibly; for at such times it crushes stones and rocks in pieces, if they lie in its way)—then its wicked creaking and thundering, and the rustling of all the little streams in it and around it—these are splendid wonders.

I went inside the Rosenlaui glacier, which forms a sort of cavern, through which one can creep; there it is all built as it were of emeralds, only more transparent. Above you, around you everywhere, you see the brooks circulating between the masses of clear ice. In the middle of the narrow passage the ice has left a great round window, through which you look down into the valley; then you go out again through an arch of ice, and high above there stand forever the black horns, from which the masses roll themselves down with the boldest oscillations. The Rhone glacier is the most imposing one I know,

and the sun shone just this morning as we were passing it. One can have his own thoughts about things there; and then too one still sees here and there a rock-horn, a snow field or two, waterfalls and bridges over them, wild stone precipices; in short, however little one may see in Switzerland, it is always more than in the other countries.

I draw very industriously, and think I have made progress in it. Indeed, I have attempted to draw the Jungfrau; one can refresh his memory by it, and at least enjoy the thought of having made the sketch upon the very spot. But when I see how people run through Switzerland, and find nothing especial in it, or in anything else, except themselves; how they are not at all moved or thrilled by what they see; how cold and Philister-like they stand before the mountains—I often want to beat them. Here are two Englishmen sitting by me, and an English lady on top of the stove,—they are more wooden than sticks. I have travelled now for a day or two the same route with them; if they had only spoken another word, except to find fault that there are no fire-places either here or at the Grimsel! That there are mountains here, they have never mentioned; but their whole journey consists in scolding the guide, who laughs at them, disputing with the landlord, and yawning at one another. Everything about them here is commonplace, because it looks commonplace in them; hence they are no better off in Switzerland, than they would be in Bernau.* I hold to this: happiness is relative. Another man would thank his God, that he could see all this. And so I will be that other!

Fluelen, Aug. 19.

A first-rate day of travel, beautiful and full and strong. When we wanted to set out at six o'clock this morning, it snowed and rained so furiously, that we were obliged to wait till nine. Then the sun came out, the clouds had to disperse, and we had bright, lovely weather all the way here. But now again already the heaviest rain clouds have gathered over the lake, so that certainly tomorrow the old mischief will break loose. But how heavenly it has been to-day! so clear and sunny,—we have had the cheerfulness journey. You know the Gotthard road in its beauty; one loses much, if he comes down from above, instead of ascending it from here; for the grand surprise of the *Urner-loch* is wholly lost, and the new road, which is laid out with the splendor and convenience of the Simplon road, has destroyed the effect of the Devil's Bridge; since a new, much bolder and bigger arch is built close by it, making the old bridge quite invisible, whereas the old crumbling ruins look far more wild and romantic. But if one loses the view toward Andermatt, and if the new Devil's Bridge is not very poetic, he goes merrily down hill all day long over the smoothest road,—actually flies past the scenery, and instead of being sprinkled as formerly by the waterfall, or endangered by the wind upon the bridge, he goes now high above the storm, securely over between solid walls. We came by Göschenen and Wasen; then appeared the mighty pines and beeches before Amsteg; then the glorious valley of Altorf, with the cottages, meadows, woods, rocks and snowy mountains. In Altorf we rested up at the old Capuchin cloister; and finally this evening here I sit on the shore of the Lake of the Four Cantons. To-morrow I intend to go over the lake to Lucerne, and to find letters

* A small town in the flat country about Berlin.—Tz.

from you. I have just got clear of a party of young Berlin people, who have made almost the same tour with myself, met one another over the whole ground again, and bored me terribly. Especially repulsive to me was the patriotism of a lieutenant, a dyer, and a young carpenter, who all three wanted to upset France.

Sarnen, the 20th.

Early this morning I sailed, during continual rain, across the Lake of the Four Cantons, and found in Lucerne your dear letter of the 5th. As it contained the desired intelligence, I have at once concluded to make a three day's tour to Unterwalden and the Brünig. Then I will get your latest letter in Lucerne, and then the way lies westerly, and out of Switzerland. But it will be hard for me to take leave. The land is beyond all conception beautiful, and although the weather is terrible again,—rain and storm all day long, and all night—yet the *Tellsplatte*, Grütli, Brunnen and Schwyz, and this evening the dazzling green meadows in Unterwalden, were too beautiful to be forgotten. This green is something unique; it refreshes the eyes, and the whole man. Your loving, prudent maxims I will certainly follow, dear mother; but do not be anxious about me. I am not careless of my health, and I have not felt so well for a long time, as I have here in Switzerland, upon my foot journey. If eating and drinking and sleeping and having music in one's head make a well man, then I, thank God, can call myself so; for my guide and I, we eat, and drink, and sing too, alas! upon a wager. Only in sleeping do I still outdo him, and if I sometimes disturb his singing, by trumpet or obœ tones, he disturbs me in the morning for it in my sleeping. God willing, we will find ourselves together again glad and happy. Until then many a piece of diary must still wander off to you; but that time too will quickly pass away, as all things quickly pass, except the best. And so we remain true and near to one another.

FELIX.

(To be continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music

Church Music and School Music.

By J. H. KAPPES, Prof. of Music, Shelbyville, Ky.

"Which is to be changed? It is plain that one or the other must be changed—we would say reformed, if we were certain which way things were moving as to this. We speak chiefly concerning the music taught in our Female Colleges and Schools. When our young ladies are finished off at one of our fashionable High Schools, and returns home, the old Church music is decidedly dull to her; she takes no part in it, and pines for sympathy. A neighboring church of some other order has introduced the fashionable instrumental Music of the times; she calls to hear their choir, becomes interested, is invited to join in the performance, and thenceforth she is a regular sinner; her admirers follow her, and then farewell to the Church of her simple-hearted parents.

"We merely throw out the above for consideration, and invite its discussion."

We were glad to notice the above paragraph in a recent number of the *Educational Repository*. You are right, Mr Editor; it is by consideration and repeated discussion alone, that truth will eventually be elicited on the all-important subject of Music as taught in our schools, comprehending, as it does, attention to Church music in its strictest sense. This being a topic of personal

and special interest, we shall venture the expression of a few thoughts in answer to your question, "which is to be changed." It is plain, in our judgment, that reformation is imperatively called for, both in the Church and in the School. First, our youth of both sexes are not properly instructed in the nature and style of true Church music—and if they were, where could they attend church and their musical taste and religious feeling not be constantly offended by the introduction of airs into the public worship of God, the original design of which was to awaken far different emotions from those which belong to His holy service. Surely, if any young person possesses a correct musical taste, he or she can never enjoy much of the "fashionable instrumental music of the times." The performance of a choir rarely satisfies the truly pious congregation. Every devotional heart feels inclined to unite his voice in the praise of God—then why not take the necessary pains to become qualified for this important duty? There is no reason why any person, who possesses natural abilities—for there are few who do not possess sufficient voice—may not learn to sing appropriate, well selected melodies in Church in a manner so correct as not to offend the nicest ear. It may be, that in the cases you have supposed, the aforesaid educated young ladies may be pardoned for preferring the "fashionable instrumental music," if correctly performed, to the miserably drawled-out "penny-royal" hymns which have gained favor in some of the churches with which their "simple-hearted parents" may be connected—and yet, both the one and the other may be decidedly wrong, and, for aught we know, the young ladies themselves may be wrong, and thus all may need reforming together. This, we apprehend, is most likely the true state of the case.

It is a matter of sincere congratulation, that so much attention is paid to the musical education of females. We only regret that the other sex do not share equally in their advantages. A large number of well qualified professors are exerting their utmost ability to elevate and improve the taste of the people in all the various branches of music. But in most of our schools, an attention to Church Music proper is woefully neglected. True, the young ladies may be daily assembled around the family altar—they may perhaps sing *indifferently*, never dreaming that music, as an art, has any higher claim upon their attention than merely to afford them the means of making a brilliant impression at the social gathering, the musical soiree, or the school exhibition.

As a source of recreation and refined pleasure, music, perhaps, has no equal among her sister arts; but it is as the handmaid of religion—as an aid to devotion, that she is to be chiefly prized. The refined, the highly educated, and especially the pious, then, should aim to lend their influence in the right direction. They should recognize the fact, that the highest style of music is Church music. Religion, with her exhaustless variety of topics, affords amplest scope for the most sublime eloquence; and do not the same glorious, sublime themes become a source of exalted inspiration to the pious and gifted musical composer? Suppose there are those who cannot distinguish the difference between a secular air and a melody appropriate for the worship of God and the expression of religious feeling. This does not prove

that such difference does not exist. A blind man cannot perceive colors, yet colors exist. By careful attention to the instruction of the rising generation, they may be taught the necessary distinction; they may be taught to admire what is good because of its intrinsic merit. Secular and Church Music are designed to give exercise to an entirely different class of emotions; for instance, sentiments of praise and thanksgiving can not find suitable expression in the convivial shout or merry glee; the martial tread of the stately march can not rouse christian courage; nor the lively strains of patriotic ardor awaken spiritual zeal. Much less does the holy love of a pious heart toward the great benevolent Supreme bear any relation to that sensuous—yea, sensual love which enters so largely into many of those operative airs, from which our compilers of sacred music have largely borrowed. Neither is true penitence for sin to be confounded with romantic sorrow and languishing melancholy. The voice of religion, when expressed by music, is replete with dignified joy, with manly tenderness; it breathes in tones of deep contrition and heartfelt love, while a spirit of awe for the great Unseen subdues and chastens the whole. Some very good persons seem to think, because the Almighty is their friend, He may be approached on the most familiar terms. Hence the language employed in religious gatherings, and the music selected to express religious emotions is such as would be appropriate only to the most ordinary intercourse between man and man; it recognizes none of those lofty attributes which belong to the great Infinite.

The young, while pursuing a course of education, should be taught to distinguish the different styles of the music and allow to each its characteristic place. There is one strict style of music, the so-called *contrapuntal*, where different melodies are subject to strict laws of combination and succession. The style is dignified and solemn, well adapted for the exercises of the Church. It can be applied to the simplest air as well as the most complicated chorus. It is too dignified for the field of battle or the ball-room; it suits not the sentimental lover in the expression of his tender passion; it belongs only to the Church and can be most effectively used by choir singers. But we are decidedly in favor of *congregational singing* in Church, where none are excluded, not even the youngest, from participating. In order to unite all voices in the praise of God, the music selected should not be too difficult or complicated. The *choral* is undoubtedly the very best style for this purpose. Tunes like "Old Hundred," "Dundee," "Mear," &c., are of this character—compositions which, though simple in their structure, will never grow old. Melodies suited to congregational singing should be pleasing, such as a multitude, when convened, delight to sing; not manufactured to order to fill some compiler's pocket, but *holy* melodies, which spring into existence, as it were, in some happy moment of inspiration, from the heart and brain of a religious composer. Let us never forget, that the secular effect should be sedulously excluded from the exercises of the Church. In the sanctuary of God ought to be *worshippers*, not warriors, not pleasure-seekers, not lovers; they should endeavor, so far as possible, to ascend on the wings of melody and devotion to the throne of the Most High. Anything in the language or in the music

employed for worship, which by its associations or suggestions links the mind with other scenes, particularly of a trifling character, ought never to be allowed. Young persons should be early accustomed to hear suitable melodies used in the worship of God, whether around the domestic altar, in the Sabbath School or in the Church. Association is a power of the mind here to be regarded of primary importance.

How often is it that music, possessing but little intrinsic value, becomes beautiful to us by mere association. Can we not all recall many a rude air, to which in childhood we listened, among the fondly remembered scenes of home—airs breathed, perhaps, by lips and voices now cold and silent in death? Rude as these compositions were, in an artistic sense, they possess, even now, to us a beauty and pathos, for which we can account on no other principle. Often, when alone, especially during the quiet hours of the holy Sabbath, we find ourselves insensibly gliding into the simple pathetic chorals of the Church. Strains, heard long ago, come floating back from the hallowed past and invite the low tones of our slumbering instrument. It is not newer music, nor music of the week day, which charms us then—it is a sacred association with former Sabbath hours. Who, that has music in his soul, has not felt this? Who has not fancied he recognized, with the returning echoes of early childhood, the fitting pinions of the loved departed, and the thronging forms, that insensibly gather around him? The associations of our Church music should be invariably of the Church.—Thoughts of the opera, the social gathering and of the gay saloon, should not be permitted to enter there. On this point, many of our preachers, though anxious to do good, are really doing harm. They are musical sinners, and should immediately exercise repentance and reformation.

Enter almost any one of our churches, Sunday Schools, or Prayer Meetings, and it is very probable you will hear the preacher start a hymn to the tune of "Lilly Dale," "Home, Sweet Home," "Happy Land," or any other song which may happen to please his fancy. These are well enough in their place, but were never intended to express the sentiment of worship, or any religious sentiment whatever. Compilers of Sacred Music, some of them men, who ought to act from a higher principle, seem to be influenced by no other motive, than to prepare a book, which shall sell well, by catering to the love of novelty and excitement, which too often pervades the public mind. The God of this world has blinded their eyes, and a mere love of gain has been allowed to invade even the sacred precincts of the Church, making her holy services a means of advancing their temporal interests.—Notice, if you please, the constantly increasing number of compilations of music, designed for use in the Church of God—compilations containing tunes of every variety of merit, selected from the musical storehouses of all Europe, from the dignified choral to the recruiting march, and jovial student song, or the enticing love ditty of the opera. These, then, are arranged and adapted to most excellent hymns, fitting, some of them, like a theatrical robe on a clergyman. It may seem strange, that such books should attain so speedy and wide-spread a popularity; yet not strange when we regard the means employed to effect large sales. Influential music papers are

immediately engaged to introduce immense puffs. Normal schools, Conventions, Singing Societies, &c., where these books are to be used exclusively, are gotten up by those interested, until the public become thoroughly humbugged, Barnumized on the subject of good church music. The choir must perform, the congregation listen and applaud, and then, farewell to all spiritual worship.

A short time since we received from the publishers a work called "Wesleyan Sacred Harp," the very title of which is a misnomer. John Wesley was a cultivated and conscientious musician, and would never, we fully believe, have given his sanction to much of the trash this book contains. There are, it is true, a sufficient number of good tunes in the work, and for what reason the authors have introduced so many merely secular songs of inferior merit, and adapted them to religious words, we are at a loss to conceive. The hymns, too, have been selected with the same want of correct taste. Side by side with some of the best hymns of the Hymn Book, we find the veriest doggerel rhymes, by no means deserving the name of poetry, worse, if possible, than the vile, trashy tunes that accompany them.

But even the so-called popular collections, issued by the different publishing houses, are not free from objection, since they can never serve the purpose of good congregational singing. The arrangements are mostly defective and the tunes too numerous, to say nothing of a large number which are entirely unworthy of their exalted companionship and ought, on that account alone, to be expelled. A congregation require but few tunes, certainly not more than fifty or seventy-five. These should be well learned, and sung in unison or in parts, and that education is wrong, no matter where or how acquired, which countenances or enjoys in any degree even the artistic performance of secular music in church. At the same time a miserable drawling out of miserable tunes, or even of good tunes, by a congregation, is equally to be deprecated. The education of our youth ought strictly to anticipate this object. Sacred music should be incorporated among the exercises of the school as a regular and daily study. Principals of Seminaries and musical institutions should be thoroughly awake to the importance of this point. A musical education is by no means complete, because a young lady can play a few waltzes, polkas, &c., on the piano.—She may nevertheless possess a very incorrect taste regarding music, both secular and sacred. Her highest ambition doubtless is to please, and those who listen to her performances are rarely able to appreciate anything of value; hence the temptation for both teachers and pupils to aim at nothing higher than what is demanded by a depraved or uncultivated public taste; consequently, at the exhibitions of our Seminaries, pupils frequently receive extravagant praise for that, which is simply *show*, possessing but little merit. The delighted public are not aware that it is comparatively an easy thing for four young ladies to play on one piano, particularly if each plays with one hand. They do not, perhaps, discover that the charming strains of the violin, so skillfully interwoven or superadded by the teacher, may cover serious deficiencies on the part of the performer on the piano. I refer here the reader to the last number in June, 1861, of *Dwight's*

Journal, which contains a very graphic description of a musical exhibition by the teacher and pupils of one of the popular Kentucky female seminaries.

A musical training of far greater value would probably be regarded much less favorably by those who seek for mere display; yet the fortunate possessor of such training might be able to make use of her talents for all the various purposes to which they ought to be applied.

Any young lady, in whose education science and art have gone hand in hand, whose taste and intellect have been alike cultivated, will never degrade her acquisitions to purposes of vain ostentation; yet, will she delight most sincerely in contributing to the happiness of her friends in the exercise of her voice or instrument in the domestic circle or at the social gathering; but more especially will she be prepared to sing the praises of God in his sanctuary with heart and understanding. To accomplish these noble results time and money should be freely expended; and in accordance with these views, no pupil should be permitted to graduate from our female school without being able to sing correctly, at least fifty good chorals, selected with special reference to their use in the Church of which her parents are supposed to be members.

The various religious denominations should unite in the preparation and adoption of a small tune book, containing an adequate number of tunes, the quintessence of chorals (say from fifty to seventy-five) to meet the wants of the Church, to be used as a companion of the hymn book. Let such a little book receive the sanction of the church; especially let all preachers learn to sing those tunes well; let the congregations, the families and the Schools use them; then shall we have uniformity, and uniformity of the right kind; then will young and old unite their voices together in hymning the songs of Zion and both receive alike pleasure and profit.

It is gratifying to observe that some of our best minds seem to be thoroughly active on this subject, and active in the right direction. It is possible to prepare just such a little tune-book as we have recommended, and there can be no reasonable doubt but the experiment of its introduction would succeed; and then how glorious the result! Our congregations all over the land singing the same time-honored, highly approved compositions of gifted and pious men: compositions too, which possess an added value from their long association with the church and her holy ordinances. Then will there be no longer temptation for young ladies, "finished off" in our fashionable high schools, to leave the "Church of their simple-hearted parents" in search of something better in the way of church music.

(From Novello's Musical Times.)

Life and Labors of Vincent Novello.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

(Continued from Vol. XX. page 391.)

The difficulty of publishing such works as were the early compositions and arrangements of Vincent Novello, can hardly be appreciated at the present day. Publishers could not then be found to run the risk; and the expenses of engraving and printing had to be provided for by himself out of his hard earnings. At the same time he had almost to create the taste for such music among the public, by the production and execution of them in his own choir at South Street.

The separate accompaniments for the organ or

Legato.
Setto voce.

1st. *2nd.* *Con anima.*

Ped. *pp* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

Dolcis. *Riten.* *pp*

A tempo. *ff* *pp*

Con forza. *ff*

Setto voce. *tr* *pp* *Cresc.* *scen.* *do.*

Chopin's Mazurkas.

ff Ped. Dim. * Accellerando. Ritenuto. > A tempo.

Cres. Ped. * Ped. * *ff* Ped. * Ped. * *p*

Più agitato e stretto.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * *p* * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Riten.

Dim. Calando. *pp* *pp*

Pe. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Mancando. Semper rallent. Smorz. Fine.

pp *p* *fz*

Allegretto non tanto.

No. 18.

Op. 30. No. 1.

p

Con anima.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Di - mi - nu - en - do. *Poco ritenuto.*

A tempo.



No. 19.
Op. 30. No. 2.

Allegretto.



pianoforte, which are so familiar in the present day, were quite the exception in the early part of this century. Vincent Novello's works were among the first where a definite part was printed for the accompanist. Previously, vocal scores had only a line with the bass part, having the addition of figures to indicate the harmonies; and the melodies of the various parts had to be gathered and adapted to the instrument as the performance proceeded.

Vincent Novello's first work, "Sacred Music in two volumes," dedicated to the Rev. Victor Fryer, was received with very great favor. It was compiled from the music which had been most appreciated among that which had been collected in manuscript for the use of the choir at South Street; and comprised several long compositions of his own, including the "Salve Regina," "Alma Redemptoris," and other complete pieces, as well as the portions which he added to what is called "The Selected Mass." The *Sanctus* and *Benedictus* for five voices, and *Hosanna* fugue—a composition which he had completed before his eighteenth year—may be pointed out as a specimen of remarkable beauty in five-part vocal composition.

"Twelve Easy Masses" for small choirs were published shortly after; of which three are original compositions by himself; and the rest by Spanish, Portuguese and other authors.

Two more works were commenced in books, appearing from time to time over a considerable period, entitled "Motets for the Morning Service," and "The Evening Service." These contain many of Vincent Novello's original compositions, which have remained constant favorites in the choirs of the Catholic Church, for whose services they were composed.

The compositions of Vincent Novello are numerous, and many are of important length; but they are much dispersed amid his various Collections, and they have been to a certain degree overshadowed by his still more abundant arrangements. His reputation as a composer would probably have been greater than it is, had he confined himself to the publication of his own compositions alone; but all his works were produced for special utility; and, hearing that object more in view than personal renown, he supplied the composition most adapted to the service required, without regard to whether it were composed by himself or another. Perhaps the secret of the success of his early publications, was not only their musical merit; but that being compiled from the books of his own choir, they were all pieces which had had the previous sanction of successful performance.

The chief of his musical compositions are to sacred words; but he has also produced some very approved compositions to secular words—songs, canzonets, glees, and choruses. In 1833 the Manchester Prize for the best cheerful glee was awarded to his glee, "Old May Morning;" at the same time that Sir Henry Bishop obtained the prize for the best serious glee.

"The Infant's Prayer," a recitative and air, enjoyed a very extended popularity; there having been sold of it upwards of seventy thousand copies; and it is still in demand for school teaching from its pleasing and sterling merits.

The Philharmonic Society having requested Vincent Novello to supply their concerts with an original cantata of his composition, he wrote for them the "Rosalba," which contains soprano and contralto solos, a quartet and chorus, with full orchestral accompaniments.

The attention which Vincent Novello gave to psalmody, during some years of his life, tended very greatly to improve that simple branch of devotional music. Various denominations of Christians applied to him to revise and renew their collections; and how well he accomplished their requests by the harmonization of their tunes—avoiding extreme chords, yet ever maintaining a solid ecclesiastical harmony, flowing and melodious inner parts, combined with the utmost simplicity—is proved by the steadfast use made of them in the multitude of churches and chapels where the various collections edited by him have been adopted. He was often desired by professional friends to contribute original psalm tunes to their collections; and those he wrote for them are among the continued favorites of the congregations. In his later days he made a manuscript assemblage of all these contributed psalm tunes, with a view to their being brought out in a collected form; but the work has not yet been published. They are a hundred and fifty original psalm tunes; two hundred and fifty adaptations of melodies by others; and a hundred single and double chants. It is hoped that the publication of the original psalm tunes and chants may still take place at an early period, if it should be found desirable.

A simple enumeration of the various works of Vincent Novello would imply the reprinting almost the whole of the large catalogue of the Dean Street House, extending to two hundred pages; and, in addition to these, he edited several important works for other publishers. It must therefore suffice to make a brief mention of some of those whose appearance had an influential effect upon the music of the period.

Among these must certainly rank the edition of Mozart's and Haydn's Masses. When this was commenced, the published Masses of Mozart were eight, including the Requiem; and of Haydn, seven. These works were to be had only in full orchestral score, without separate accompaniment for the organ; and these full scores were printed only abroad. From great research, and by the kind aid of those who possessed manuscript scores, Vincent Novello was enabled to publish eighteen Masses of Mozart and sixteen of Haydn. These are not only printed in vocal score, with separate accompaniment, but also the separate orchestral and vocal parts are printed for the use of orchestras. Nothing has contributed more to the diffusion of good music than the printing of parts for orchestras; and those who revel in the abundance of the present day (who may be supplied by the publisher, at the last moment, for a few pence), are not aware what were the previous difficulties of getting up even a small performance of classical music with accompaniment: when manuscript parts had to be made with much labor, uncertainty, and delay, from scores to be procured only by favor from a few amateur libraries.

About the year 1824 Vincent Novello was requested by the authorities of the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, to examine and report on the large collection of musical manuscripts which were in their library; and he spent considerable time in doing so; making several visits to Cambridge, at his own expense, for that purpose. The ancient Italian school had his chief attention; and a portion of the result of his researches he published, consisting of selections from Bonno, Bononcini, Cafaro, Carissimi, Clari, Colonna, Conti, Durante, Ferce, Jomelli, Leo, Lupi, L. Da Vittoria, Martini, Orlando di Lasso, Palestrina, Pergolesi, Perti, Stradella, &c. Only about one-third of the extracts he thus made were published; but fine specimens, calculated to fill ten volumes more, were copied from the library, and still remain in manuscript.

The commercial difficulties and uncertainties of success, which had to be encountered in the earlier publications, having given place about 1825 to a steady demand for every new work that had the advantage of bearing the name of Vincent Novello as editor, made the continuous flow of important works to be limited only by his industry; and the brief enumeration of the titles of the more valuable works which appeared up to 1840, will show how great that industry must have been.

"Purcell's Sacred Works" was a labor of much research and collation; as the larger portion had remained in manuscript, dispersed in the choir-books of different cathedrals, or rare copies in the collections of individuals. Vincent Novello presented the original manuscript copy he made of this work to the British Museum; for, contrary to wont, it was in beautifully preservable form. The majority of his manuscripts (especially latterly), though most neatly and legibly written, were jotted down upon such mere odds and ends of music paper, and generally stitched together (or rather *threaded* together, like a file of papers), that they served but to be used by the printer, and then were thrown away or destroyed.

To Boyce's celebrated Collection of Cathedral Music in three volumes, was not only added a separate organ part, but the same was reprinted in separate vocal parts. Similar organ parts were added by him to the four volumes of Boyce's own anthems, to the anthems and services of Greene, Croft, Kent, Clarke, Whitfield, and Nares; and all these were likewise edited by him in single vocal parts.

The "Cathedral Choir Book," a collection of music (in cheap and varied forms) selected from various sources by himself, was another contribution to the large library of that branch of music which he edited.

A careful revision of the fourteen principal oratorios by Handel, included a separate accompaniment to each oratorio; editing the original orchestral and choral parts; adding to *Judas Maccabeus* additional wind parts; and superintending the cheap octavo additions of the scores.

Similar editions of Haydn's *Creation*, *Seasons*, *Passione*, *Tempesta*; and other oratorios by Romberg, Spohr, Himmel, Biery, Graun, &c., he produced in a variety of forms. Masses, cantatas, litanies, &c., by Beethoven, Hummel, Cherubini, Weber,

Spohr, Bühler, Fenoglio, Rossini and Zingarelli, comprise long works for which he arranged separate accompaniments, and which he edited in various forms.

In the shape of pianoforte arrangements for four hands, Vincent Novello familiarized several favorite operatic pieces of classical authors. His pianoforte duets from Mozart's *Figaro*, *Idomeneo*, and *Così fan tutte*; and from Spohr's *Faust*, *Jessonda* and *Zemire and Azor*, obtained favor; while the latter may be said to have served first to introduce Spohr's opera music to English knowledge.

Three extensive works for the use of organists, as voluntaries, or where voices are not at command, have been found of special utility; if we may estimate by the very great sale they have obtained. They are:—The "Select Organ Pieces," three large volumes; the "Cathedral Voluntaries," in two volumes; and the "Short Melodies," in one volume.

Vincent Novello had the rare privilege of completing and giving to the public during his lifetime most of the more important works which he had undertaken; among the exceptions to this rule, however, was one of considerable volume, of which no part has yet been published. He proposed to set to original or selected music the words appointed to be sung at the "Offertory" (a portion of the Roman Catholic Service) for every Festival contained in the Missal during the ecclesiastical year. Of the several series therein contained, about eighty have been completed for those festivals distinguished as "Pro Tempore;" and these were engraved and corrected ready for press. It is intended to give what are completed to the public at an early period.

No man was more successful than Vincent Novello in producing music in forms that placed it within reach of the least wealthy. He may be said to have created both demand and supply; for, by his early efforts he introduced little-known works of great masters, thereby originating a taste and desire for them; and, by his persevering toil, continued to bring them forth in such abundance and usable shape, that they became necessities not only to musicians, but aspirants in musical cultivation. Out of this abundance and usability grew the requisite cheapness which should place these sterling works within command of the large class of users that had been rendered so extensive; and thus, numerous demand and numerous supply alike arose from Vincent Novello's earnest devotion to his art.

He had no bigotry in music. His wide embracing appreciation had love for all really good music, whatever its peculiar character. From the ancient stores of Palestrina or old Gregorian music, to the modern opera or glee,—from each and all, the industry of Vincent Novello would in itself comprise a very varied collection of all the best styles of music.

Vincent Novello's personal appearance is well indicated by the portrait given at the commencement of the present biographical sketch. The original picture was one of his son Edward's first attempts in oil painting; and is a beautiful specimen of taste in coloring (the young artist had never had a single lesson in coloring), with fidelity in feature, figure, and expression. The position of the head, the attitude, the shape and look of the hand, are all true; and Mr. G. De Wilde's engraving has preserved these particulars of resemblance. Vincent Novello's stature was about middle height; his person somewhat stout; his carriage and walk wonderfully energetic and purposeful; his hands and feet remarkably small and white. On a certain occasion, the shapelessness and delicacy of these latter were made obvious; when, going down to the shore to meet her father returning from a morning plunge in the sea, one of his daughters saw him take off his shoe and shake out the sand that had drifted in, leaving his fair stockingless foot revealed to view. No one seeing his boots or shoes would have guessed the small size of his foot; for he wore them to a magnitude more suited to a slipper-bath than to human dimensions. He said he liked to have them *easy*; and the consequence was that they might have accommodated any amount of sea-sand in addition to the foot they shod, giving ready admission to whatever quantity chose to lodge there. His clothes were of an equally (what he called) *commodious* make; and his cravat was always tied loosely enough to allow of his chin, as well as his throat, reposing roomily therein. He was early bald; losing the chief portion of his hair when he was no older than six-and-twenty. It preserved its brown color for many years; and only latterly turned grey.

His manners, when in good health, were social, gay and lively. Fond of conversation, he talked well and freely, when with those he intimately knew; but he was retiring—nay, shy—with strangers. He had a good deal of English reserve in his bearing

towards those whom he met for the first time; though it wore off on acquaintance, and vanished altogether when he took a liking to them. He had a certain quiet pride, common to very modest men; conscious of innate merit, yet averse from selfassertion. With his chosen friends he was easy, genial, cordial. With them he gave way to mirth and good-fellowship; laughed, bantered, punned. He was a great punster; and vied honorably with Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Henry Robertson,—those masters in the art of punning.

Vincent Novello was no vocalist; but once he was heard to sing. He was trying over some concerted piece from the score of "Don Giovanni;" the part of Leporello was unsupplied, and he murmured the notes required. There was not much voice; but the intervals taken truly, the phrases well phrased, the spirit of the music exquisitely given—bore witness to the musician's singing.

His care in arranging—either the separate accompaniment for organ and pianoforte, or for four-hand duets—was manifested by (among other things) the minute pains he took to make the passages "lie well under the hand." Often would the pen be placed between the lips, while the fingers were spread and moved over the table as if in the act of playing; so that he might mechanically test the most facile and best mode of arranging the phrase under consideration. In "laying out" works for printing, also, he spared no trouble in devising favorable turnings, with well spaced bars, lines, and pages; and frequently, when dividing his manuscripts for this purpose, he would count up, with slight raps of his pencil on the paper, asking half aloud:—"How many sevens in fifty?" And when the reply came from some one of those sitting quietly near him, he would reply: "Ay, it must be so-and-so."

Vincent Novello was what is called short-sighted; that is, he used a glass to distinguish far off objects. But his sight was so naturally strong, that he could see to read a small print with a very slender allowance of light in the room, even at an advanced age; and during the twelvemonth preceding the last year of his life, he wrote some autographs at the request of his eldest daughter, which were as clearly and steadily penned as his signature had ever been.

She had the inestimable privilege of being with him night and day through his final illness at Nice. It was without pain; he was patient, gentle, affectionate, longing for rest. This was granted to him on the evening of the 9th of August, 1861. Had he lived until the 6th of the following month, September, he would have been eighty years of age. After a life of unsparring industry, with the blessing of beholding his labors achieve honorable success in advancing the art he loved so devotedly, his end was crowned by peace.

The most proper monument to a useful man's memory is that which he has himself erected in the works he leaves behind him. But if ever a cenotaph be erected in England to the memory of Vincent Novello, the most appropriate site for it would be in Westminster Abbey; an edifice he loved so well, and which he at one time made the termination of his daily walk, to "go in and hear the anthem." His well-known place was a seat in the aisle, where Poet's Corner abuts upon the door to the cloister.—The old vergers called it "Mr. Novello's seat;" and pointed it out to his Italian grandchildren when they came to England and visited the Abbey in 1860.—There could hardly be a more fitting spot than the neighborhood of this seat for placing a tablet-record of how much this eminent musician and estimable man contributed to the improvement of cathedral music.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 26, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Chopin's *Maçurkas*.

Haydn's "Creation."

This time honored and time-worn Oratorio, with the new singers engaged in it, attracted a large audience to the Music Hall last Sunday evening, and the performance proved a very satisfactory one. Yet we cannot help thinking that the attendance would have been larger and the appetite keener if the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, instead of a work grown over-familiar with so many musical people, had announced say the "Hymn of Praise" by Men-

delssohn, or the "Elijah" or "St. Paul," or any of those strong works of Handel, some of which are comparatively unfamiliar here, and few of which ever lose their freshness. Time-worn we have called the "Creation," not as denying that it is full of beauties, that it has all the exquisite art and elegance and childlike naturalness of good old "father Haydn," or that it will live—but as intimating a rather common experience among music-lovers, who have found that all its melody and beauty, all its felicities in the way of description, do not save it from a certain cloying and monotonous effect, by the time one has listened to the first half of it; and this probably because its strength and depth bear so little proportion to its elegance and beauty; because the infallible grace and fluency of style, and even the fine genial tone of feeling that pervades everything of Haydn, cannot make good the want of a more positive vitality of genius; it all runs from one spring, but there is no repeated smiting of the rock (in the strong way of Beethoven or Handel) causing new ones to gush forth. Yet we would not willingly let many years pass without a hearing of the "Creation," if we can have it well performed. Every one has moods and periods to which its clear and soothing harmony is very welcome; and there is a large class of our older singers and music-lovers, who are of course especially gratified by every revival (so easy as it comes too!) of this musical first love of their youth. Besides it is now several years—four, we believe—since the "Creation" was last given here in Boston.

The chorus seats were quite well filled, and the choruses for the most part finely rendered; all know this old music so well, that the usual flooding of the stage with singers who first come in at the public performance, after evading the rehearsals (a sorry feature in most of our American societies) did not mar instead of making. The effective Alto force, however, is too feeble for the rest. The accompaniments were nicely rendered by the orchestra under Mr. ZERRAHN (conductor of the whole); and Mr. LANG did good service, as usual, at the organ and in piano accompaniment of recitatives. Of course a much larger orchestra, on the Birmingham or London scale, would have made more imposing that introductory "Chaos" Symphony, which used to be thought such a miracle of graphic and sublime tone-painting (chiefly on the authority of English Gardiner's "Music of Nature"). That was before we knew Beethoven Symphonies and Mendelssohn Overtures!

Of the solo performances the first honors must be awarded to Miss CHAPMAN, who, although in her Italian training untaught in this style of music, having learned the part in the six days before the concert, sang by far the largest part of the soprano airs in a style not hitherto surpassed, if equalled, by any of our native singers. Her fine, clear, powerful voice, although not naturally of the most sympathetic quality, proved fully equal to the task. There was style, spirit, character in it, even to the making of the rather weak and sentimental melody of the Adam and Eve part unusually interesting. The artistic finish and ecstasy of Jenny Lind in "On mighty pens," "The marvellous works," &c., was not reached by a long way of course; it would be rash to say it had the quality of genius; but it was extremely creditable to the young singer; and there was a life in her appeal that always went home to the audience.

Miss GILSON's small, sweet, pure voice was very pleasing in "With verdure clad" and a couple of the Trios; but her delivery was tame,—timid perhaps—lacked life. Life too was the chief thing wanting with the new tenor, Mr. HAZELWOOD, who has a fine true voice, well cultivated, and sings in a certain quiet, even, tasteful style—but sleepily, with eyes fastened to his book. The round, deep, manly bass

of Mr. WHITNEY is a real acquisition to our Oratorios. He has yet much to learn, but he made all the bass airs very telling and effective, descending in such large and stately manner to the lowest depths, as only Formes has done here before him.

Concerts.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The thirteenth Afternoon Concert (Wednesday) gave us two sterling instrumental works, of the kind one always listens to with a fresh interest. The first was Mozart's *Don Giovanni* overture—a good thing to recall one's best hours at the Opera. The rendering was good too. The other, Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony," was just the fresh, delicious thing to answer to the feeling of those almost Italian spring days, which melted our Northern snows and tempted out the grass and young buds during the week past, and suddenly took us so far out of the heart and memory of winter, only to let Mephistopheles East Wind plunge us back again! We think the audience (a somewhat reduced one, although still quite large) enjoyed it with a sincere zest. Between these two classics, attention was relieved and senses tickled by a lusciously compounded Strauss waltz, "Wien mein Sinn"—whatever that may mean.—Then came an orchestral arrangement of Schubert's "Serenade," in which the melody was divided between the oboe of DE RIBAS and the cornet of HEINICKE, both too long known as skilful players, to need to be more than named.

The remainder of the programme consisted of a *Potpourri*, from *Robert le Diable*, and "Major General Burnside's Victory March."

We go to press too early to notice this week the Orchestral Concert of the BOSTON MOZART CLUB, in aid of the Sanitary Commission, on Thursday evening.

Another, a PROMENADE CONCERT, we would remind our readers, for the same patriotic object, will take place in the Music Hall this evening. Mme. VARIAN will sing; the Germania Band will play, the Governor and his staff will be present, and there will be patriotic speeches and other appropriate entertainments.

Mr. EICHBURG's comic operetta, "The Doctor of Alcantara," is by general request to be repeated at the Boston Museum this evening. Its great success during the whole of last week will ensure a crowded house.

Owing to the continued illness of Mr. KREISSMANN (who, we are glad to hear, however, is improving) the Farewell Concert to Mr. JANSEN, by the Orpheus Musical Society, remains indefinitely postponed. Doubtless the evening will soon be announced.

The most interesting musical event now in prospect is the first production in this city of Mendelssohn's Cantata to Goethe's poem "The First Walpurgis Night," which Mr. B. J. LANG announces for next Saturday evening (May 3), at the Boston Music Hall. Everywhere in Germany, and in England, it is esteemed one of the most original and striking works of Mendelssohn. The hearty joy he had in composing it, as shown by his letters from Rome (translated in recent numbers of this Journal), must help to interest us all in it beforehand. The "Walpurgis Night" is not long, occupying only from twenty to thirty minutes; and quite a novel feature in Mr. Lang's programme well the repetition of the whole work the same evening. We strongly incline to believe that this will prove a good plan. Every work of such importance, while it is new to us, requires to be heard twice, to give a clear idea of it, and fix the impressions in the mind. After once hearing the whole, from beginning to end, one first appreciates the full significance of each part in itself and in its relation to the whole. There will be a full

orchestra to give effect to the spirited and graphic overture and accompaniments, and a select chorus of 150 voices. The solos will be sung by Mrs. KEMPTON, Mr. J. Q. WETHERBEE, Mr. S. W. LANGMAID, Mr. W. H. WADLEIGH and Mr. RYDER. The subject of the poem and Cantata is suggested in the following note:

[The German legend, that witches and evil spirits assembled the night of the first of May on the summit of the Harz mountains, is said to have originated in the heathen time, when the Christians tried to prevent the Druids from observing their accustomed rites of sacrifice. The Druids placed watches round their mountains, who, with their dreadful appearance hovering round the fires, and clashing their weapons, frightened away the enemy.]

Between the two performances of the "Walpurgis Night," a Grand Duo for two piano-fortes will be played by Miss MARY FAY and Mr. LANG, and the orchestra will give Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture.

Three American prima donne are engaged at the two Italian Operas in London: Mlle. Patti at Covent Garden, and Miss Kellogg and Mme. Guerrabella at Her Majesty's Theatre. Miss Kellogg is to make her debut in *Linda* early in May. She is also announced for the part of "Susanna," in the *Marriage of Figaro*.

This is not so certain as regards Miss KELLOGG. It is true, she is announced in London, and the *Musical World* is speculating as to whether the Kellogg will prove another Patti; but if that clever young lady knew her own mind while in Boston lately, and has not changed it, she has dismissed all thought of going to Europe this year.

One Signor VALLO, in Philadelphia, impressed with the idea that there are scores of singers in that city full of unemployed vocal and dramatic talent, proposes to organize an Opera Company, chiefly from Philadelphia musicians, to give operas in Italian, French, German and English. To this end he invites artists there and elsewhere to confer with him. Address 532 North Fourth Street.

American piano-forte making is to be represented in the Great Exhibition in London by specimens of New York manufacture, doubtless with credit. But it must be a disappointment to many, who have felt a just pride for our country, and especially for Boston, in this branch of art and industry, that the so long unrivalled house of Chickering & Sons have sent no instruments. The omission is explained by the following paragraph in the *New York Home Journal* of the 19th:—

CHICKERING AND GOTTSCHALK.—Mr. Gottschalk is giving a series of concerts in the principal cities of the West, and the date of his return to this city is quite uncertain. His popularity and success have not been surpassed by any artist who has visited this country. The pianos used by Mr. Gottschalk at his concerts, both in this city and the West, are from the manufactory of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, Boston; and in order to prevent any disappointment, they are obliged to keep several instruments en route, and in advance of him. Mr. Thalberg, in giving concerts throughout the country, was supplied in the same manner by this firm; and in a letter to them, remarked, "that their instruments gave universal satisfaction." Gustave Satter, Arthur Napoleon, Goldbeck, and other eminent pianists, have expressed themselves in the same terms of commendation. It was the intention of Messrs. Chickering & Sons to have sent samples of their manufacture to the Great Exhibition in London this year. The pianos were ready for shipment, but Mr. Gottschalk's movements being so rapid and numerous, and their desire to furnish him being paramount to the exhibition, they have given up the idea of entering the field of competition; and Gottschalk is now using the same instruments that would otherwise have represented this house at the coming world's fair.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 22.—The most important musical event here for some time, was Mr. MARK HASSLER's Complimentary Concert, given last night at the Academy of Music. Mr. Hassler is a brother of our Violinist, whose concert in January last was duly chronicled in your columns. He is quite an artist, and very popular in this city. (The Programme was as remarkable for the quantity of the music as for the quality; although I would not be under-

stood to disparage the latter. Judge of the state of your correspondent's mind after hearing a programme containing 14 respectably sized items, and half that number of Encores, withal; concluding with the Conjuraton and Benediction from the Huguenots at the hour of 11.30 P.M!—

The concert was an eminent success, instrumentally. With regard to Mad. CHARLOTTE VARIAN, a lady hailing Boston-wards, who was paraded on the placards as the vocal attraction, I choose to preserve a charitable silence; and the vocal quartette "This is the Lord's day," by C. KREUTZER, was not sung with the profound feeling and vigorous expression, which I have hitherto found in the same singers. The orchestra was remarkable for a defect, characteristic, so far as my observation has extended, of Philadelphia orchestras, to wit, a lack of violins; this has always marred the effect of the Germania Rehearsals, and was noticeable particularly at this concert, where the strings were not increased proportionally to the other instruments, so that in the *forte* passages the horns and trombones had a disagreeable predominance, that interfered sadly with the just rendering of the music. There is no reason why this fault may not be remedied, since we have the material thereof close at hand, in abundance. Mr. Hassler was assisted by Messrs. THEO. THOMAS, THEO. AHREND, Violoncellist, WILLIAM MASON, and CHAS. SCHMITZ.

The most prominent feature of the entertainment was the violoncello playing of Mr. Ahrend, whose marvellous execution has, probably, no equal in this country, and none, it is fair to presume, either in England, or upon the Continent (!) His performance of the "*Souvenir de Suisse*" of Servais was a marvel of musical possibilities. It was Mr. Ahrend's first appearance on the Concert stage for a number of years. We were all greatly delighted to hear Mr. Mason, who has not performed here for over five years; his elegant performance of his two charming *bijoux*, the "*Spring Dawn*," and the "*Silver Spring*," and the Schubert fantasia, symphonically arranged for Piano and Orchestra by Liszt, was the very perfection of piano playing. Mr. Thomas played Vieuxtemps' "*Lucia*," and De Beriot's "*Tremolo*," and the Andante from the Kreutzer Sonata; it were superfluous to refer to the many excellencies of this accomplished artist. I must not omit to mention the very unusual feature of a double Concerto for two 'cellos by Dornanner, performed by Messrs. Ahrend and Schmitz in splendid style, and to which I regret that I was prevented from paying close attention, by reason of the incessant gossiping of two fair damsels in unfortunate contiguity to my ears.

The Overtures were our old friends the "William Tell" and the "Midsummer night's Dream;" the one, the last and artistically labored effort of an experienced and successful artist; the other the first effort of a boy of sixteen, the first expression of a mighty genius then unknown to fame. How widely different these two productions, and yet how great is each! And yet is not Mendelssohn's the greatest? Both are efforts at musical description; but the Italian's is but a representation of the visible in nature; the German pictures to the fancy the invisible, the ethereal. The Italian takes you an every day's journey—into Switzerland; in the midst of her mountains and her lakes, you hear the storm in all its awful sublimity, you hear the tumult of the elemental war subside into the placid calm of exhausted nature; repose; the echoing of the Alpine horns contribute to finish the picture; it is a picture of every day life, the experience of flesh and blood in the familiar manifestations of nature. The German takes you farther than this; you are transported into the magic country of the Poet's creation, Fairyland itself; there are the tricky spirits tripping it nimbly on the green, "the horns of Elf-land faintly blowing," the domain of the imagination as boundless as eternity itself, where fancy holds high revel, and to portray which the Italian bred up in the strict formalities of a "school" must, perforce, be inadequate.

Last Saturday the Germania performed the entire "Jupiter" Symphony, in superior style; the defici-

ency in violins as above referred to, marred some of the effects.

Mr. A. Roggenburger, a rising young violinist, and pupil of Carl Gaertner, starts for Europe in the next steamer: his intention is to enter the Paris Conservatoire. Mr. R. is a young gentleman of great talent and energy, and is destined, I think, to become one of our first artists.

Thursday of this week, a concert will be given at the Musical Fund Hall by Miss Henrietta Schmidt, quite a creditable performer on the violin, aged ten years. This youthful artist is a pupil of Mr. Carl Weber, and has, undoubtedly, great talent. I heard her play, quite recently, in private, and was astonished to hear so much execution from a child of her years. She played among other pieces, a very difficult "*Souvenir de Bellini*," by Manrer.

Among the musical on *dits* there is one to the effect that Mr. Sents is soon to give a concert, the chief attraction of which will be the production of the "*Scottish Symphony*." MERCUTIO.

Music Abroad.

Mme. CLARA SCHUMANN was most enthusiastically received at her first concert in Paris. She played Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schumann; and there was no end of applause and calling out. On all sides she received the most distinguished attentions and the heartiest greetings from the musical world, with old Rossini at the head. The direction of the concerts of the Conservatoire have invited her to play at one of them.

VIENNA.—Mlle. Titiens, the noblest fresh soprano of the last London Opera season, has entered into a contract with the direction of the Court Opera in Vienna, and will be attached to that after the present season.—About the beginning of this month the Viennese were rich in great musical expectations, having before them performances of Beethoven's great *Missa Solennis* in D, Bach's *Passion* music, and Schubert's opera "*Fierabras*."

At the last Philharmonic concert the principal pieces were Beethoven's *Coriolan* overture, Weber's "*Ruler of Spirits*" overture, and a fantastic Symphony, by Berlioz, "*Episode from the life of an Artist*," the music of which one of the critics finds to be "the opposite of all that is holy, noble and beautiful."

The Euterpe have performed a symphony by their director, Herr Langwara. "Overladen with brass, and on the whole an imitation of the C minor Symphony of Schumann."

London.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The programme of the second concert (March 24th) was as follows:

PART I.

Sinfonia "Die Weihe der Töne".....Spohr
Recitative and Aria, "Non mi dir" (Don Giovanni).....Mozart
Caprice in E. Piano-forte.....W. S. Bennett
Recitative and Aria, "Our hearts in childhood's morn".....Gluck
Overture (Athalia).....Mendelssohn

PART II.

Sinfonia in F. No. 8.....Beethoven
Duet, "Tornami a dir".....Donizetti
Prelude and Fugue alla Tarantella.....J. S. Bach
Overture (Oberon).....Weber
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

Of the piano-forte pieces, played by Miss Arabella Goddard, the *Musical World* remarks:

Among the compositions of Professor Sterndale Bennett, a more chastely conceived and exquisitely finished movement than his *Caprice* for piano-forte, with orchestral accompaniments, cannot be named. Miss Arabella Goddard has frequently introduced this genial and charming work in public, and now, as on every previous occasion, gave it *con amore*. Her second piece—the "*Prelude and Fugue alla Tarantella*" of John Sebastian Bach, created a "furore." That such a work—so replete with fancy and vivacity, as fresh and spirited, as tuneful, rhythmical, and full of strongly-marked character as the famous Neapolitan dance in *Masaniello*, or "*La Danza*" of Rossini (the two capital tarantellas of modern times), while immeasurably surpassing anything of the kind that has since appeared in varied effect and elaborate contrivance—should have preceded from a pen the holder of which has for upwards of a century ceased to live, is not less perplexing than the fact that the mechanical difficulties it contains are sufficient to

deter the most expert performers of the present day from attempting its performance in public. It is said by Forkel, his biographer, that Bach composed this *Prelude and Fugue* "as an exercise to keep his fingers in order." If this be true, what sort of a player the "Leipsic Cantor" must have been may easily be imagined. This age, however, is indisputably an age of "Bach revivals," so far as music is concerned; and as at the Philharmonic Concert of a fortnight previous the old musician, represented by the magic bow of Herr Joachim, bore away the palm from Weber, Viotti, Beethoven, and Cherubini, so on Monday night he fairly earned the laurel-crown with Spohr, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Weber, and Sterndale Bennett as competitors. The *Prelude and Fugue* of Miss Goddard, like the "Gavotte and Bourrée" of Herr Joachim, won the honors and the most enthusiastic applause of the concert.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—The Royal Italian Opera season for 1862 was to commence on the 8th of this month. The Director's prospectus offers only one novelty, Donizetti's *Don Sebastien*. The principal revival will be Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, which has not been heard at Covent Garden for nine years. Other revivals will be *La Figlia del Reggimento* and *L'Elisir d'Amore*, with Mlle. Patti, and *Don Pasquale* with Mlle. Maria Battu (her first appearance in England) in the principal rôles. Of Rossini's operas "*William Tell*" alone is mentioned, for the opening night. Mario is to appear in *Fra Diavolo*. The *World* says:

From a general glance at the prospectus and the artists, we think we may fairly conclude that the season will be more of an Opera Comique than a "Grand" season. The operas appertaining to the repertoires of Mlles. Patti and Battu, and Mad. Miolan-Carvalho all belong to the lighter school of composition; and no doubt the three accomplished ladies will obtain their share. Mlle. Patti, by the way, is announced to perform Dinorah in Meyerbeer's opera.

Although no single person is engaged ostensibly to fill up the vacuum left by Mad. Grisi, seeing that Mad. Penco is announced to appear as Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni* and Mad. Rosa Csillag as Valentine in the *Huguenots*, we may infer that the absence of the "Diva" will be compensated for in some particulars. Mad. Csillag's Valentine will be a phenomenon. In addition to Mlle. Marie Battu, Mlle. Gordosa appears as a novelty in the list of ladies. Of this artist we know nothing. The tenors, with Sig. Mario, comprise Signors Tamberlik, Neri Baraldi, Rossi, Lucchesi and Gardoni. The engagement of Signor Gardoni cannot fail to gratify in the highest degree the subscribers and the public. Wonderful to relate, the tenors are all Italians. There is hope yet for Italian song! And yet how weak the hope when it is shown that, in such a theatre as the Royal Italian Opera, among ten female artists only three are Italian, and among eleven basses, four. We beg pardon of the new basses, Signor Nanni and Capponi, whose names are too Ausonian to admit a doubt of the country whence they are derived. Mesdames Rudersdorff, Tagliafico and Anese are at their posts as *seconde donne*—the first-named lady ready to do good service on occasions as *prima donna*. Mad. Nantier-Didé is again the contralto. The basses include all the names of last year, with the addition of Signor Delle-Sedie, who made so favorable an impression last year at the Lyceum Theatre, as Renato, in the *Ballo in Maschera*, and has been singing with distinguished success during the past season at the Italian Opera in Paris. The list of names now is unusually strong, comprising Signors, Messrs. and Herren, Ronconi, Graziani, Delle Sedie, Tagliafico, Faure, Zelger, Patriossi, Fellar, Nanni, Capponi and Formes.

The director lays great stress upon the accomplishments and popularity of Mlle. Adelina Patti.

Paris.

The new opera comique, by M. Albert Grisar, long talked about, has at length made its appearance. It was played for the first time the 18th March. The libretto by MM. Dumanoir and D'Ennery is a grafting of the story of *Puss in Boots* on the fable of *La Chatte métamorphosée en Femme*, by Lafontaine, dramatized as early as 1827, by Scribe and Mélosville. Having assumed the form feminine, the erewhile cat in the second act disguises herself as a page, and plays the part of the booted cat in Perrault's tale, and in the third act marries her master. The subject is treated very smartly and pleasantly by the authors, who have inspired the composer with a great deal of light, pleasant and mirth-

ful music, such as best fits his natural vein, and when it is said that Mad. Marie Cabel is the heroine, everything will have been told that can account for the very complete success of the work.

Mad. Clara Schumann, the celebrated pianist, has returned to Paris, and given a concert, which was attended by an eager crowd of artists, and *pare d'artistes*, whom she enthralled as only an artist of her commanding talent can enthral an audience so composed. Among the numbers of the programme was Robert Schumann's quintet, and it was wonderful to note how Mad. Schumann's masterly interpretation of the pianoforte part impressed her listeners. Only the most gifted artists have this power of immediately seizing and retaining the attention; and it is derived from a source far different from mere mechanical dexterity; otherwise what an army of great artists would the world possess.

The distinguished and unextinguishable cantatrice, Madame Viardot, sang last Sunday the part of Fides in the *Prophète* at the Grand Opera, although she was supposed to have performed for the last time during her engagement the Friday previous. Mlle. Marie Sax is fast taking her place as a star of primary importance. Her Alice in *Robert le Diable* is a performance of high merit, and she wins in it wherever she plays it the most warm and genuine applause. But honor and glory must be paid for, and every good has its drawback; so if, on one hand, she has the honor of replacing Mad. Gueymard in the *Reine de Saba*, she must put up with a less welcome greatness being thrust upon her by being assigned the part of Laura in *Pierre de Medicis*.

The Italian Opera has produced *Otello* with Tamberlik as the Moor and Mad. Charton Demeur as Desdemona.

Here is the programme of the last Concert at the Conservatoire:—1. Symphony, Mozart; 2. Chorus of Spirits, *Oberon*, Weber; 3. Concerto, violin, Beethoven, executed by M. Maurine; 4. Scene and blessing of flags, *Siege of Corinth*, Rossini (solo sung by M. Belval); 5. Overture to *Zampa*, Hérold. Now for another programme. That of the seventh Popular Concert, on the model of the London Monday Popular Concerts (with Orchestra instead of quartet) was on the same day:—1. Symphony in A major, Mendelssohn; 2. *Egmont*, a tragedy by Goethe, music, Beethoven; 3. *Adagio* of a quintet of Mozart, executed by M. Auroux (clarinet) with all the stringed instruments.—*Corr. London Musical World*.

COLOGNE.—The ninth Gesellschafts Concert took place under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, on the 18th inst., in the Gürzenich, when the following was the programme: First Part.—Symphony No. 1, in C major, Beethoven. "Tenebræ factæ sunt," for chorus without accompaniment, Michael Haydn. Concerto (violin Gesangsene), Spohr, Herr Otto von Königsloew. Overture to *Medea*, Woldemar Bargiel (new). Second Part.—Concerto in G minor, pianoforte and orchestra, Mendelssohn, Herr Ferdinand Breuning. The Forty-Second Psalm, for solo, chorus and orchestra, Mendelssohn (soprano solo): Mlle. Julia Rothenberger. The symphony by Beethoven, which had not been heard for so long, that it was unknown to the majority of the audience, and once more extremely welcome to those who were already acquainted with it, was performed in excellent style. The sacred composition of Michael Haydn—the learned contrapuntist, and author of more than a hundred pieces of music for the Church, the contented orchestral director and cathedral organist in Salzburg, whence the most enticing offers of Prince Esterhazy, and the aristocratic admirers of music in Vienna, as well as the wishes of his elder brother Joseph, could not turn him—was very well sung and produced a favorable impression. By his excellent rendering, in his own style, of Spohr's Concerto, Herr von Königsloew reaped a plentiful harvest of applause, and obtained the honor of being recalled. We cannot refrain from stating, however, that for our own part, we should have been better pleased with a less sentimental, and more energetic reading. By his overture, an imposing orchestral production, Herr Woldemar Bargiel achieved a gratifying success, evidenced by the loud and long continued applause of the audience. Herr Ferdinand Breuning's rendering of Mendelssohn's Concerto was a masterly one. It excited the most lively applause, and a call for the artist who thus united the brilliancy of the virtuoso with the qualities of the sterling player. The execution of the well-known forty-second Psalm, was far from up to the mark. Mlle. Rothenberger sang the soprano solos in a satisfactory manner. There will be a performance of Beethoven's "*Missa Solennis*," on Palm Sunday, the 13th of April.—*Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

Special Notices.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

